

The Idyl of Twin Fires

CONTINUED FROM PAGE THREE

on a wheelbarrow, and carted it around the road to the point where it was to go. We put a little fresh cement on the foundation stones to hold the two legs, and with Mike's aid the bench was lifted over the stone wall, through the hedge of ash-leaved maples, put in place, and leveled. Stella hovered near, with the can of paint, to cover our fingermarks and give the top a final glistening coat.

"There," I cried, as the job was done, "we have our pool and our garden bench! We have some of our flowers planted for next year! We have our bit of lawn! Let's go up the orchard to the front door and see how it looks."

I left the wheelbarrow forgotten in the road, and we ran up the slope together, turned at the door, and gazed back. The pool shimmered in the afternoon sun. We could hear the water tinkling over the dam. Beyond the pool was the dark semicircle of fresh mold that was to be green grass backed by blossoms against the shrubbery, and finally, at the very rear, now stood the white bench, from this distance gleaming like marble.

"Fine! It looks fine!" I cried. Stella's eyes were squinted judicially. "Oh, dear," she said, "I wish there was a cedar, a tall, slender, dark cedar, just behind the bench at either end. And, John, do you know, we ought to have some goldfish in the pool!"

I sighed profoundly. "You are a real gardener," said I. "Nothing is ever finished!"

"I'm afraid I am," she answered. "But we will have the goldfish, won't we?"

"Yes, and the cedars, too," I replied. "I'll ask Mike when is the best time to put 'em in."

Mike was sure that spring was the best time, and there were some good ones up in our pasture.

"Oh, dear, spring is the best time for everything, it seems to me, and here it's only July!" cried Stella. "Well, anyhow, I'm going to draw a plan of the pool garden, and hang it over my desk."

She got paper and pencil and drew the plan, while I lay under an orchard tree listening to the tinkle of the waterfall and watching her while Buster came and licked my face.

"I think your arrangements of irls on the edge is rather formal," I was saying, "and it would be rather more decorous, if not decorative, for you to sit upon the bench, and—when we heard a motor rumble over the bridge at the brook, and the engine stop by our side door."

CHAPTER XVI.

Callers.

"Heavens!" cried Stella, leaping to her feet, "do you suppose it's callers?" She looked ruefully at her paint-stained fingers, at her old, soiled khaki garden skirt, which stopped at least six inches from the ground, and then at my get-up, which consisted of a very dirty soft-collared shirt, no necktie, khaki trousers that beggared description, and soil-crusted boots. Some passengers from the motor were unquestionably coming up our side path—they were coming around the corner by the lilac bush to the front door—they were around the lilac bush—they were upon us!

We looked at them—at a large, ample female in a silk gown anything but ample, at a young woman elaborately dressed, at a smallish man with white hair, white mustache and ruddy complexion, clad in a juvenile Norfolk jacket and white flannels.

"They are coming to call!" whispered Stella. "The Lord help us! John, I'm scared!"

We advanced to meet them, and as I glanced at my wife, and then at the ample female, I was curiously struck with their resemblance to a couple of strange dogs approaching each other warily. I fully expected to see the stout lady sniff; she had that kind of a nose.

"How do you do," said she. "I'm Mrs. Eckstrom. I presume this is Mr. and Mrs. Upton?"

Stella nodded. "We are neighbors," she continued, with an air which said, "You are very fortunate to have us for neighbors." "We live in the first place toward the village. This is Mr. Eckstrom, and my daughter, Miss Julia."

"We can hardly offer our hands," said Stella. "Will you forgive us? You see, we are making a garden, and it's rather messy work."

"You like to work in the garden yourself, I see," said Mrs. Eckstrom. "I, too, enjoy it. I frequently pick rose-bugs. I pick them before breakfast, very early, while they are still sleepy. I find it is the only way to save my tea roses."

"The early gardener catches the rose-bug—I'll remember that," Stella laughed. "Perhaps you would care to see the beginnings of our little garden?"

We moved down through the orchard and surveyed the pool. I suppose it did look bare and desolate to the outsider, who did not see it, as we did, with the eye of faith—the bare soil green with grass, the lip ringed with iris blades, the shrubbery bordered with a mass of blooms. At any rate, the Eckstroms betrayed no enthusiasm.

"Mr. Upton spaded all that lawn up himself, and we made the bench together," cried Stella.

"Well, you must like to work," said Mr. Eckstrom. "It's so much simpler to sit a few men on the job. Besides, they can usually do it better."

Stella and I exchanged glances, and

she cautioned me with her eyes. But politeness was never my strong point. "Sometimes," said I, "it happens that a chap who wants a garden lacks the means to sit a few men on the job. Under those conditions he may, perhaps, be pardoned for laboring himself."

There was a slight silence broken by Stella, who said that we were going to get some goldfishes soon.

"We can give them some out of our pool, can't we, father?" the other girl said, with an evident effort to be neighborly. "We really have too many."

"Certainly, certainly; have Peter bring some over tonight," her father replied.

"Oh, thank you!" Stella cried. "And will you have Peter tell us their names?"

"Their what?" exclaimed Mrs. Eckstrom.

"Oh, haven't they names? The poor things!" Stella said. "I shall name them as soon as they come."

"What a quaint idea," the girl said, with a smile. "Do you name all the creatures on the place?"

"Certainly," said Stella. "Come, I'll show you Epictetus and Luella."

This was a new one on me, but I kept silent, while she led us around the house and lifted the plank which led up from the sundial lawn to the south door. Under it were two enormous toads and two small ones.

"Those big ones are Epictetus and Luella," she announced, "and, dear me, two children have arrived to visit them since morning! Let me see."

She dropped on her knees and examined the toads carefully, while they tried to burrow into the soil backward, to escape the sun. Our callers regarded her with odd expressions of mingled amusement and amazement—or was it pity?

A son and daughter-in-law, she announced, rising. "They are Gladys and Gaynor."

A polite smile flickered on the faces of our three visitors and died out in silence. Stella once more shot a glance at me.

We turned toward the house. "If you will excuse me for a few moments, I will make myself fit to brew you some tea," said my wife, holding open the door.

"That is very kind, but we'll not remain today, I think," Mrs. Eckstrom replied. "We will just glance at what you have done to this awful old house. It was certainly an eyesore before you bought it."

"I liked it all gray and weathered," Stella answered. "In fact, I didn't want it painted. But apparently you have to paint things to preserve them. Still, the Lord made wood before man made paint."

"He also made man before man made clothes," said I.

A polite smile from the girl followed this remark. Her father and mother seemed unaware of it. They gave our beautiful living room a casual glance, and the man took in especially the books—in bulk.

"You are one of these literary chaps, I hear," he said. "I suppose you need all these books in your business?"

"Well, hardly all," I answered. "Some few I read for pleasure. Will you smoke?"

I offered him a cigar. "Thanks, no," said he. "Doctor's orders. I can do nothing I want to. Diet, and all that. Bally nuisance, too. Why, once I used to—"

"Father," said the girl, "don't you want to see if the car is ready?"

The look of animation which had come over the man's face when he began to talk about his health vanished again. He started toward the door.

"Let me," said I, springing ahead of him.

The car, of course, was waiting, the chauffeur sitting in it gazing vacantly down the road, with the patient stare of the true dandy. I came back and reported. With a polite good-by and an invitation to call and see their garden the guests departed.

Stella and I stood in the south room and listened to the car rumble over the bridge. Then we looked at one another in silence.

Presently she picked up what appeared like a whole pack of calling cards from the table, and glanced at them.

"John," she said, "it's begun. They've called on me. I shall have to return the call. Are all the rest like them, do you suppose? Are they all so deadly dumb? Have they no playfulness

of mind? I tried 'em out on purpose. They don't arrive."

"They're rich," said I. "Almost all rich people are bores. We bored them. The old man, though, seemed about to become quite animated on the subject of his stomach."

Stella laughed. "I'm glad we were in old clothes," she said. "And aren't Epictetus and Luella darlings?"

"By the way," I cried, "why haven't I met them before?"

"I just discovered them this noon," she answered. "We were working at the time. I was saving them for a surprise after supper. I'm glad Gladys and Gaynor brought no grandchildren, though. It would have been hard to name so many correctly right off the bat, and it's terrible to start life with a wrong name."

"As Mike would say, it is surely," I answered. "That is why they were careful to call you Stella."

"Do you like the name?" she whispered, creeping close to me. "Oh, John, I'm glad we're not rich like them!"—with a gesture toward the pack of calling cards—"I'm glad we can work in the garden with our own hands and play games with toads and just be ourselves. Let's never be rich!"

"I promise," said I, solemnly. Then we laughed and went to hear the hermit thrush.

(To be continued.)

WHAT HUGHES WOULD HAVE LEFT UNDONE

That Is Campaign's True Angle and Not the Trite Question With Which Hecklers Are Nagging the Republican Standard Bearer.

ACHIEVEMENTS ASSURANCE BLUNDERING IS NO HABIT

Winning Democrats Trying to Run Away From the Record of the Administration and to Inveigle the Voters Down Rhetorical Bypaths, All in the Thinly-Disguised Effort to Change the Subject.

When Mr. Hughes criticises the record of the Administration the spokesmen of Mr. Wilson cry: "What would you have done?" They forget that it is Mr. Wilson and not Mr. Hughes who is on trial. They forget that four years ago Mr. Wilson criticised Mr. Taft and Mr. Roosevelt through-out the campaign and that Mr. Taft and Mr. Roosevelt defended their respective records, instead of crying, "What would you have done?" They forget these things or they refuse to confess them. They are trying to run away from the record of the Administration and induce the people to follow them down some bypath of rhetorical hypothesis, all in the effort to change the subject.

"By their fruits ye shall know them." When Mr. Hughes was Governor of New York he did not pay political debts by filling the public offices with unfit men. He did not champion certain principles during his campaign and repudiate them after he entered office. As Governor, he did not resort to brave and beautiful words as a substitute for firm and consistent deeds. He was careful in his use of words, but he backed his words with deeds. He did not promise what he could not perform. He did not plaster the people with compliments they did not deserve. He was not a rhetorician, he was not a flatterer, he was not "too proud to fight" for labor or for capital, for the strong or the weak, when the right was on their side.

Mr. Wilson's spokesmen seek to divert attention from the attacks Mr. Hughes is making upon the record of the Administration by asking him, "What would you do?" They are unconsciously helping Mr. Hughes. They are recalling to the memory of the people the record he made throughout his two terms as Governor of New York. It was then that he first said "public office shall not be a private snap under my administration," and made performance square with promise. There is this about Mr. Hughes that makes him so different from Mr. Wilson: "Hughes means what he says." So it is that the campaign is really a contest of character between two men, with sincerity as the differentiating and deciding factor.

THE MARINE.

An' after I met 'im all over the world, a-doin' all kinds of things, Like landin' 'isself with a Gat-llin' gun to Talk to them 'eathen kings, 'E sleeps in an 'ammick instead of a cot, An' 'e drills with the deck on a stew.

There isn't a job on the top of the earth The beggar don't know or do. You can leave 'im at night on a bald man's 'Ead to paddle 'is own canoe; 'E's a sort of a bloomin' cosmo-politane— Soldier and sailor too. —Rudyard Kipling.

EAST CHARLESTON

Alfred Wilson has purchased a Ford car.

Harry Kiezer's children were quite ill but are improving.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Buck are visiting relatives in Lisbon.

Dr. and Mrs. Cushman have been quite ill the past week.

Austin Hall does not gain as his friends would like to see him.

Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Moulton took an auto trip to Burlington last week.

Ralph Davis of Island Pond is a guest of his aunt, Mrs. Alfred Wilson.

W. H. Colburn has been excused from the jury on account of sickness and has returned home.

Mrs. Hattie Smith, Miss Ada Bailey and Roy Bailey have returned to their home in Martinville, after spending several weeks with their sister, Mrs. Austin Hall.

Topic for Christian Endeavor meeting September 2, "Christianity Compared with Other Religions." Led by the missionary committee.

Mr. Berry will break camp at Camp Winape this week. Mrs. Berry and son will spend two weeks at Echo-side Lodge before returning to New York.

Frank Lang, whose remains were brought from Newton, Mass., and buried here last week, leaves many friends, who mourn the loss of a kind friend. Mr. Lang, who was a native of this place, was always ready to help in any work for the benefit of the town, no entertainment was complete unless Frank had a part in it. He and his wife were greatly missed when they moved and left a place that has never been filled. The deepest sympathy goes out to his widow and children in their sorrow.

Mrs. Blake, whose illness has been mentioned, died September 11, aged 87 years. She was the second child of Daniel Taylor and Betsy Spinnery Taylor and was born March 6, 1829, in Bolton, Lower Canada. March 9, 1847 she married Luther Blake, who died in Derby July 14, 1896. Of this union were born five children: Anna M., wife of George Clark, who died in Irasburg in 1874; Betsy, wife of Alfred Pierce, who died here in 1882; Israel Blake, who died in Derby in 1904; Eugene and Clara, who survive her. Mr. and Mrs. Blake made their home in Derby 57 years, but for the past 13 years, Mrs. Blake and daughter have made their home with her grandchildren, George Pierce and Mrs. Chester Gray, at whose home she died. Mrs. Blake early in life united with the Methodist church. She was a Christian woman, home-loving, a devoted mother and grandmother and she has been lovingly cared for by her daughter, Clara, and grandchildren, who did all in their power to brighten her days in her old age. Services were held at the home, Rev. Anderson of Derby officiating, burial at Derby Line.

Mrs. Annie McNamara, whose death was mentioned last week, was born in Inverness, Canada, September 4, 1865 and died September 11, 1916. She always made her home in Westmore. In 1881 she was united in marriage to Edward McNamara. Eleven children, six boys and five girls, were born to them, Walter of Hartford, Cal.; Wallace of Lincoln, N. H.; Charles of East Charleston; (Katie) Mrs. John Cahill of Island Pond; Elmer, Arthur and Ralph, who worked out and made their home with their mother (Vivian), (Mrs. Donald Vantine of Nashua, N. H.; Ruby, Cora and Alice at home. Sixteen years ago God called the husband and father home, leaving her with ten children, the youngest being born a short time after his death. Under these sad circumstances she could still see a lot to live for, so all this time she has kept the home comfortable for her children, who willingly did their part. She was so happy last fall when Walter came such a long way to see her, after being away fourteen years. Then all her children were with her at the same time. Her health has not been good for a long time but seemed to be better until about ten days before her death, peritonitis being the cause. A few hours before death she said she was looking to Jesus. She realized to the end. A few minutes before she died she called all her girls, who never tired of administering to her wants and kissed them. It can be truly said of her, she did what she could. Besides her children she leaves six grandchildren and an aged mother, who is blind that came recently to spend her remaining days where she loved to be. She leaves one brother, George, of Barton, four half-brothers and two half-sisters, and many other relatives and friends to mourn her loss. The funeral was Sept. 13th at the home, Rev. B. M. Scudder of East Charleston speaking many words of comfort to the bereaved family. All were present except Walter, who had not yet heard the sad news. The floral tributes were many and beautiful.

WEST CHARLESTON

George Goodwin has gone to Boston to work.

Mrs. G. W. D. Reed is again confined to her bed.

Fred Parlin has been in Canaan to do surveying.

Mrs. Ella Church has returned to her home in Derby.

John Smith is assisting at the Barton electric plant for a while.

Mrs. Cutting of Plainfield is visiting her daughter, Mrs. H. G. Ruiter.

Mr. Alexander and daughter of West Burke visited at E. J. Bruce's Thursday.

Oscar Perry and daughter of Island Pond recently visited Mrs. Nancy Allen.

Mrs. John McNamara and daughter returned to their home in Lyndon Sunday.

Mrs. Chan Tilton and son of Crystal, N. H. is visiting her sister, Mrs. A. G. Bishop.

Miss Theo Hendrix of Westfield has been here to visit her sister, Mrs. S. W. Jenkins.

James Shannon of Derby visited his daughter, Mrs. Hermon Gagnon one day last week.

The many friends of Mrs. Clarence Bowen of Derby are sorry to learn that she is very ill.

Rev. Tupper of Irasburg has been a guest of Rev. and Mrs. W. D. Hetherington recently.

Ed. Royce is in the hospital at St. Johnsbury where he was operated on for appendicitis.

Mr. Lacross and family of New York state have moved into Harry Dane's tenement.

Mrs. Adin Armstrong and baby are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Palin, in Holland.

Mr. and Mrs. Colbie Page of West Burke visited at John Dudley's and Herbert Badger's Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Bishop of Coaticook visited his grandmother, Mrs. M. E. Hill, over Sunday.

Charles Young and granddaughter, Lillian Young, and Mrs. Emma Royce have been here to call on friends.

Mr. and Mrs. George Benware and two daughters of Coventry visited his sister, Mrs. E. M. Pickel, Sunday.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. William Downer (Genevieve Rich) on the birth of a daughter last week.

Homer Judd of Connecticut and Ami Jones of Canada visited at the home of their cousin, S. D. Barrup, Friday.

Miss Mae Hastings returned to the Lyndon Institute this week, where she will take the teachers' training course.

Rev. Mr. Farman of Westfield, who is totally blind, gave a fine lecture here Friday evening and called on friends.

Several members of the M. W. A. here went to Derby last week to attend the class adoption and report an enjoyable time.

Mr. and Mrs. John Jewell of St. Johnsbury, Mrs. Harry Buck and baby of Island Pond visited at Wright Kendall's last week.

Reginald Holmes of this place and Miss Mae Buck of Brownington were married at St. Johnsbury last week. Congratulations.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Driver and Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Tracy were in Brownington last week to attend the funeral of James Wyman.

Mrs. Tilton and son and Mrs. Bishop and little daughter were in Holland Monday to visit their niece, Mrs. Preston Twombly.

Harley Sweetland has been having blood poisoning in one hand caused by a cut from a sharp knife, while working in his meat market.

Mr. and Mrs. Sumner Sanderson have returned from Massachusetts, Que., where they visited her grandmother, Mrs. Peck, and daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Warner and four children of Lowell have been here to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Crawford, and other relatives.

CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVEN

+ PUBLIC OFFICER SHOULD STAND LIKE A ROCK. +
+ "Government under pressure +
+ is not American government. +
+ Whenever pressure is applied to +
+ any public officer he ought to +
+ stand like a rock and say: 'Here +
+ I stand until we substitute rea- +
+ son for force. It is not an Ameri- +
+ can doctrine to legislate first and +
+ investigate afterward.' — Mr. +
+ Hughes in His Speech at Port- +
+ land, Maine. +

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She Dropped on Her Knees and Examined the Toad Carefully.

do you suppose? Are they all so deadly dumb? Have they no playfulness